Olchar E. Lindsann

Meat Risk

Meat Tattoo

in the valley they are beating the giant elcan-rab
the slab
the rumpled latches of our seventeen toes to the stars
and in the maw of your skull
the valley is beating an intricate tattoo creeps along the edisni of the
parched skin of a tribe of nostrils is dancing round the bonfire of
your or discarded toupee
they say
that the sky has never when it wrapped itself around your temples
resound with
the sound with
the vibrations of an enigmatic and unsteady churling out of fear
and a song
and a dancing feotus that has leapt higher than that thin single gash
of an angel
where all of our steadifores kiss
like racetracks exhausted after an outlawed solar designation
and like a wall of srilnip disavowal
I have thrown out
all the aas
all the ees
all the iis
all the oos
all the uus
and the yys are still hiding here somewhere I haven't a clue
and you
and they
and we surround the massively and also but only
and plummet like a naval conundrum
there is paint gnibolg my ears
my tympoundum is panning
do you hear it
sounds like a yellow cough

Hiss

pouring jagged horizons like litmus curling round the rim
correctly adonais ascendant flagrant reticule
basilica of limbs
in upended regulations
carrying on like anthropomorphic pick-axes
silent in heady wonderment mouths agape like gouged fruit
the hydrogen trundles about with its head on a forked stick it has
lost itself
amidst the tumult of the preposterous admonition contagion withering
absolution it has
lost its
bouquet of mirrors

Present

the muscle sings in the air it is enmeshed in
a graft of scintillations
crust of anterior medallions
slightly like a catacomb emptying its pockets of daisies
vested in the procrastinating dictionary
shedding silent with a shrug like an old skin with a shrug
greeted like a forget
with open arms
entangled in the hypnotized wind

1812

trade tangled lines to
throughe eht wilder
to the arc of europe's murder sings the murder in the great
lakes the forests well impressed the
death in a horseshow squeezed the
death in the lakeside flames the
death in the seas ,capital
amalgam rush of refuge, death
eht visions o you Prophet one eye void
ground back three hundred
years by magic or by
blood tecumseh sinew bound
when france folds bak into its wounds
flames upon the gnidniw potomac
et southwise
cotton tightpacked dawnstains
bayou blood

Baby Code *(for Juanita Chriss)*

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"bominatio"
*-Frank Herbert, 'Dune'*

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

two ,hola
bringing waterbug lather
ooooo
so war-c ,rimes probably
so cleaner, the n sorry
bar bar bar
so what ab out the hell are
so mething to pick
eeeee



the grid to breakfast window
(so tiny)
re ,cap cat, a pult stuck to the printer
like contact just
listen either pretty prickly,
iiiiiiiiiiii

ash-jelly
needs her bottle ,thing
aaaaaa
so moon-unit p inches
so testing close
so ninety-five tongues
remember swimming in denim early mozart jelly?
like this:
uuuuuuu
"rasp feet kicking berry kiss!"

the golden path:
behind the curtain
park mostly
in the ear report of
retail drone
like musk space--venture (
since no weaponry
) in pajamas.

whis key rebellion

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"o try the efficiency of the laws
in prosecuting with vigor delinq"
-Alexander Hamilton

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

kicck one back tax
men are winding through the dapp,pled *wood*
no paper
money here
you bastard kicck
of industry percentage ledger-kisssed you bastard kicck
on wars edge here wh {ere we murder the other you
bastard
a recipe ,}distill
: *featheres*
graine
tarr
blazed like a blue flame them tax
mens shack we
kicked one back til
a snake of bristled steel slithered ere
n coilrolld across the *back* its cooled ohio *banks* of
hamilton n washington n guns o guns n guns
locked up locked down locked flint locked
debt locked guns you bastards
kicck one back

risk cumberbun

insensitive and did you but incorrigible
nineteen-spewing from the moreover
don't even thinking fuck about it

grstl f mpc cndnstn
ieo (y)oi oeaio

(, or : !)

curling open like a is connected to
your is stapled to
perfect like a platypustule recorded on flaming into
wanted to
slim-fast to
monkey-wrench to
custard-flavoured to

that will be £6.98 which is
to say $13.17
thank you very who should
we bomb much next

May, A.Da. 100
A.H. 185
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